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OTHER JOB IS JUST AS BAD

School Teacher and Housewife Find by Comparison That Neither One Should Envy the Other.

There had been a severe storm, lasting several days, and the little school teacher was getting very tired of it.

She found it hard to go back and forth to her work, and when she reached her boarding-place Friday night she was in a complaining mood. As she passed through the flat on her way to her room she said to the friend with whom she boarded, a young married woman: "You ought to be thankful you do not have to go out in these storms. It is horrible."

The other young woman looked up with a queer expression in her eyes. "I was just envying you," she said, "to think you were free to go. For three days I have been house-bound and I'm just ready to cry for a good walk in the open-air. These two babies can't be taken out in such weather, and I have no one to leave them with, so that keeps me shut in. You ought to be glad you can go out."

"Queen isn't it," mused the small pedagogue, "how the other fellow's work often looks the more desirable. Perhaps each one of us will feel more resigned now, when we realize that every position has its disadvantages and that, after all, nobody can fill another's."

CAPTURED THE LADY'S WATCH

Auburn-Haired Young Man Didn't Mean to Do It, but It Caught on a Button

He was such a straight, manly fellow—with a military bearing and a soldierly tread. He had auburn hair, and he blushed easily, and, above all, he was keenly alive to the rights of his follow-belongings and anxious to do the right thing by them. But he and his friend were hurrying from the local to catch the subway express and they would have caught it, but "He's got my watch!" a woman cried.

The many fellow strode on, conscious of virtue.

"Hold on, hold on!" said the auburn-haired man's friend, clutching his arm: "You're carrying on a lady's watch," and he untwisted the watch and chain, which had wound itself around his coat button.

The woman was still angry when she overtook them, and scarcely convinced that the blushing man was not old at the game, but she got away in time to board the express.

The auburn-haired man and his friend missed it.

The Short-Lived Pin

By a series of experiments conducted on his estate a French investigator has discovered that pins go the way of all flesh and are resolved into dust. Hairpins, which the experimenter watched for 164 days, disappear at the end of that time, having been resolved into a ferocious oxide—a brownish rust, which was blown away by the wind. Bright pins took nearly 18 months to disappear; polished steel needles nearly two years and a half; brass pins had but little endurance; steel pens at the end of 15 months had nearly gone, while their wooden holders were still intact. Pencils, with which he also experimented, suffered little by exposure; the lead was unharmed, and the cedar almost as good as new. Human life.

War, Wives and Whales

Workmen excavating for a cellar in Sag Harbor, L. I., have laid bare the foundations of the home of Capt. David Hand, a hero of the Revolutionary war. Many relics were found, flintlock rifles and coins. The house of Captain Hand was the first house built in Sag Harbor. Besides being a famous soldier, Captain Hand, who was mentioned in several of J. Fenimore Cooper's books, was a well-known master whaler. The old warrior lies buried in Oakland cemetery, Sag Harbor, besides the graves of his five wives. The epitaph on his tombstone reads as follows:

"Behold, stranger, as you pass by, how thick the partners of one husband lie!"

Swift's Face

There is nothing new to learn, it seems, about Swift's relations with Stella and Vanesa. There is, however, it is pointed out, a hint in a hitherto unpublished letter of Chetwide to Swift written in October, 1714, which may be worth noting: "The ladies of your acquaintance are, I confess, a little hard upon you in regard to faces to tie you down to ugliness and age. But you know best if it be not just, since the world says you may command it very agreeable one and yet defer it." The last sentence is erased in the draft as it is on second thoughts the writer feared to abuse Swift's imagination by alluding to so private a matter as Stella's regard for him.

Four Generations in Hunting Field

It was interesting to see four generations of one family in the saddle at a meet of the York and Alnay. Sir Edward Green, who is now in his eightieth year, was there wearing scarlet, finding just the same pleasure as he took in the sport 60 years ago. His sons, Lyett Green (many years master of the pack) and Frank Green, were present, also the latter's son, Edward Green, and finally E. Green's son, Master Edward Green, who looks like being as keen on fox hunting as his forbears were. Far more than 1000

Her Mother's Economy

By Clara Inez Deacon

twang of a banjo and a sonorous voice singing:

"Weep no more my lady,
Weep no more today."

"I won't," said Eunice to herself, softly, for her mother slept on the other side of the wall, "but before I sleep I'll have a session with that hat. I'll never again take it to Miss Adams to have her city trimmer laugh at it."

Eunice had never trimmed a hat in her life. She felt a fierce pleasure now in stripping the faded pink roses from the black leghorn, and she wheelied the limp brim to insure stability. Then she applied some ribbon and best belt buckle after a manner which she had observed in Miss Adams' window. She was amazed at her own achievement. Desperation had lent her skill. She tried it on before the glass. It was not unbecoming. Then she crept into bed.

Mrs. Lys was English and obtuse. As she had been dressed she dressed her own daughter. The leghorn hat had been turned and twisted and coaxed into some semblance to prevailing modes until Eunice was ashamed to take it to Miss Adams, who was too conscientious to spoil it and thus make necessary the buying of new headgear.

This season the styles were varied and bewilderingly beautiful. Day after day Eunice lingered before the enticing plate glass windows of Miss Adams' millinery parlors whence long ago the black leghorn had come to admire and yearn and choose with that sickening sense of futility which hurts to the very soul. She knew exactly the kind of hat she wanted—a white horsehair with a froth of wavy plume about the crown. Miss Adams had just such a hat and it was marked \$20. Eunice had not seen the price, but Edith Dennis had. In fact, Edith had tried on the wonderful hat.

"And, oh, it's the sweetest thing really, Eunice!" Edith said. "And I looked well; it's out of the question for me. My mother can't afford \$20 hats, but your mother can afford it since you want it so badly. And anyway it's time you had a new hat. You must be deathly sick of that old leghorn."

"I am," admitted Eunice, faintly, swallowing at a very well for a while. Yet, And, of course, it will. Eunice was loyal to her mother. "Only only I do so want a new hat this spring."

"Well," said Edith conclusively, "all I can say is, if you don't have one you

"Look, Eunice!" cried Kitty. "Look, Edie! There's Royce and Elmer Brent out there in that canoe."

It was, indeed, Ward and Elmer. And when they saw the quartet in the larger boat they shouted greeting and paddled toward them. At that moment Eunice thought—she was never sure—that she felt something touch her hat as if a pin was being stealthily withdrawn. But before she had time to lift her hand to her head a smart little breeze came rustling over the water and whisked her hat from her head. She gave a little cry as she saw it go, dipping and skimming on the current in the direction of the canoe.

It was Ward Royce who rescued that hat finally at the risk of a good wetting. He handed it to Eunice dripping, a hopelessly sodden thing.

That was weeping elaborately, with one eye on Eunice whose face was scarlet. She felt joy and shame and relief all at once. The hat was a wreck. Surely she could never wear it again.

Ward Royce detached Eunice from the others of the group and walked home with her that afternoon. He carried the hat and placed it on Eunice's explanation of the catastrophe to her slightly surprised mother.

"You couldn't have planned it so surely," Mrs. Lys said. "Well, you shall choose for yourself this time. You are quits old enough. Only get something handsome and wear-able and remember I do not wish to pay more than \$15."

Well, she had on that hat. And she looked stunning.

Still Eunice did not answer. She went home helplessly unhappy to find her mother sitting in the cheerful company of an over-flowing work basket.

"I'm making over the sleeves of your waistcoat, dear," she said. "I've found that by using a smaller pattern I can cut out all the worn places. The waist will wear for a good while yet. And I find," went on Mrs. Lys brightly, as if she were imparting the most pleasing information, "that I can turn your plaid skirt. It isn't faded a particle on the under side. That comes of buying the best material. Always remember that, dear. The plaid skirt will do very nicely to wear with your waistcoats all summer."

Eunice bought the white horsehair hat with the frothy willow plume but then because it was such a handsome hat that it put all Eunice's other belongings quite to shame Mrs. Lys decided that she must have a dainty lingerie frock to go with it.

So it came about that Eunice was as charmingly clad that summer as even she could wish to be. And because she looked so sweet and was to wear Ward Royce paid her that kind of extravagant attention which only ends in the one perfect way, though he maintained with the perfect ease.

"I saw him with Belle White yesterday," Edith went on with the frank cruelty of youth and personal inexperience. She was dressed to kill everything new. You know, that big black hat we both liked so much—one of the first Miss Adams showed? Well, she had on that hat. And she looked stunning.

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Eunice's lips quivered. Ward would never look at her again. Men thought so much of a girl's being well dressed.

"I suppose," she said, muting desperately one last appeal, "that if I am to wear that old skirt and all those old waistcoats, I can have a new hat to go with them, can't I, mother?"

Mrs. Lys looked at her daughter in frank amazement. "Why, child," she said. "Why, I expect that hat to do you for two seasons yet. It is a very good hat, indeed—much better than any I had when I was your age. I am surprised that you should be dissatisfied with it, Eunice."

Eunice was silent. But that night after she had gone to her room she sat a long time by the window, thinking and crying.

"Well, no woman with a hundred dollars in cash in her possession would buy a \$5 hat," Youth's Com-

Eunice was very young and very hopelessly she hollered in love. Suddenly there came the pavilion.

twang of a banjo and a sonorous voice singing:

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Buy the New Ryoal Sewing Machine

Equal to any made.

For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

HIS HEART'S DESIRE

When Burglars Met

HE HAD A THOUGHT

Nothing to Think About

Dr. Lambert waited expectantly, his face flushed, his whole attitude that of patience and gentle dignity.

"Maddy, don't refuse. I've asked you to marry me since you wore short skirts and pig-tails."

"I'm sorry, Boyd, but it can't be. You know my ambition. The stage is my life. I never intend to marry," said Madeline Morris firmly.

"But you surely don't think of the aftermath—I mean when the time comes for you to give up your work. A career is all right for a few years, but in her heart of hearts a woman naturally desires a home and some one to love her."

"I don't," she declared, avoiding his eyes.

"You mean you think you don't," corrected Lambert.

"You dear old Boyd! Of course I can't make you understand. You men pride of superior reasoning powers, but you have to own up that women will ever remain an enigma. I just couldn't be contented back in Prairie City. I must have a wider horizon."

Quickly this glance took in every detail of her pleasant suite of rooms, one of the best that the hotel afforded, and then traveled back to her.

"Maddy, so I must go home with another refusal. I had let myself dream of a different outcome. Your father will be grieved. Before I left, he came to me with tears in his eyes to bid me godspeed."

"Father has Margaret to look after him."

"Yes—and Margaret is good and kind, but you were always his pet."

"I get home twice a year to see him, and then my salary helps wonderfully. Doctors haven't a reputation for being good business men. Father has thousands of dollars on his books that he will never get."

"Maddy, I must be going. It is getting near my train time," he interrupted, rising. "If you ever change your mind—remember that there is a heart and home waiting for you in Prairie City."

Madeline arose and extended her hand. "You are so very, very kind."

"Good-bye, Maddy."

"Good-bye."

He paused an instant after opening the door and gave her one long look. Then the door closed and he was gone.

It had been six months since Boyd's visit when one night after the opening performance in Chicago, Madeline was handed a telegram. With trembling hands she tore open the yellow envelope and read:

"Madeline Morris, Olympic Theatre. Your father very low. Come at once. BOYD."

The next morning she arrived in Prairie City. Margaret, looking tired and worried, met her at the train with old Daisy and the queer family surr. After warm greetings, Margaret and Madeline drove home.

"Father had a very bad stroke of paralysis. He can't speak," Margaret whispered. "Boyd says that he won't live through the night."

They were nearing the old home—a big white house with an old-fashioned garden in front. On the porch steps they met Doctor Lambert, a trifle older looking than when Maddy had last seen him.

He paused for a few moments to exchange greetings.

"I'm in a hurry, Maddy. I have to go to the office, but I'll be back in a minute."

Margaret stood a short distance from Maddy during this brief conversation. The actress thought the expression in Margaret's eyes was unmistakable; her sister was in love with Boyd.

When Doctor Lambert returned Maddy went up to see her father. He was asleep. The pale, wan face startled her and her eyes filled suddenly.

Doctor Lambert brought her a chair. She sank into it and waited five minutes or more. It seemed ages before her father stirred, then opened his eyes. His gaze fastened itself immediately upon her. There came over his kind old face a look of unutterable joy as he made a motion that Boyd understood.

Reaching for a pad of paper and a pencil on the table, he handed them to Doctor Morris. In the meantime, Maddy had risen and was pressing kiss after kiss upon her father's cheek.

Slowly the pencil moved over the paper. It was such a painful effort. Then when it was finished he gave it to Maddy.

This was what she read:

"Dear Maddy: It gives me great great joy to have you home. God bless you. My heart's desire—you know it—Boyd and I are waiting."

"Maddy, answer him quickly. You see his life hangs on a thread," Doctor Lambert advised, rather sternly.

"Wait!" she cried, her voice trembling.

"You must decide," Doctor Lambert almost commanded. "I love you, Maddy. You know it, then why do you wait?"

"Sister loves you," she faltered.

"Yes, like a brother," came his conclusive answer.

She knew that the most important moment of her life had come.

She turned. The light was slowly fading in her father's eyes. He scarcely breathed.

Doctor Lambert held out his arms to her. There was one last struggle with her ambition—then love triumphed.

"Yes, father, yes," she cried, hoarsely, her breath coming hard and fast in the excitement of her sudden decision. "I have loved him always."

Patricia Weldon held the receiver to her ear and listened to her church's voice.

"Pat, dear, do you mind running over to our house to put a few shovels of coal in our furnace? Tom wants me to stay in town for dinner. We will be out on the nine-fourteen."

"It's an awful thing to ask you to do, dear, but we don't want the fire to go out on such a cold night. You don't mind? You are a darling, Pat, and don't forget that when you go in by the cellar door to close it gently—sometimes the lock slips and locks itself... Be careful! Good-bye, dear."

Patricia hung up the receiver. She decided to go over to the house herself and attend to the fire. The Stone home was just across a small lot.

She slipped her long fur coat over her tea gown and after locking her own door she went over to the house of her friend.

She found no difficulty in opening the cellar door and removed her heavy coat and left it on the smooth white stairs before venturing to the blackness of the cellar. Patricia went bravely toward the furnace and began to shovel the coal.

In the big living room above a man sprang quickly to his feet.

"By Jove! There's somebody prowling about in the cellar!" He trotted over to a huge bag lying on the couch and took out a large, ugly looking shotgun.

"I'll just surprise him at his own game—even if the gun isn't loaded."

The man crept cautiously down the cellar stairs, the noise of shelling down the fire drowning his footfalls.

Patricia Weldon took one last look into the fire and, turning suddenly, found herself looking into the muzzle of a shotgun. She promptly did the first thing that entered her head. She fell in a faint to the floor.

The man's gun fell almost before the girl dropped. He rushed to her side and with something very much like a swear word on his lips shouted: "I don't like to be flattered." Winnie reminded him, pointing in the manner which means that a woman likes it.

"I couldn't help doing it," explained Yarger, fondly. "I guess you're as smart as I am any day of the week when it comes to that! And did you ever look in the glass?"

"You're terribly smart," Winnie murmured, still admiringly. "I always wonder when I stop to think about it, what you ever saw in me to make you fall in love with me!"

"I couldn't help doing it," explained Yarger, fondly. "I guess you're as smart as I am any day of the week when it comes to that! And did you ever look in the glass?"

"They can't fool me!" said Yarger, grimly. "I've got my eyes open as much as the next one, haven't I?"

"I'm not fooling you," said Yarger, "but I made such a goose of herself I don't believe I ever could think the same of her again!"

"Of course not," agreed Winnie Hill. "You've got too much sense!"

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"I'll just surprise him at his own game—even if the gun isn't loaded."

The man crept cautiously down the cellar stairs, the noise of shelling down the fire drowning his footfalls.

Patricia Weldon took one last look into the fire and, turning suddenly, found herself looking into the muzzle of a shotgun. She promptly did the first thing that entered her head. She fell in a faint to the floor.

The man's gun fell almost before the girl dropped. He rushed to her side and with something very much like a swear word on his lips shouted: "I don't like to be flattered." Winnie reminded him, pointing in the manner which means that a woman likes it.

"I couldn't help doing it," explained Yarger, fondly. "I guess you're as smart as I am any day of the week when it comes to that! And did you ever look in the glass?"

"You're terribly smart," Winnie murmured, still admiringly. "I always wonder when I stop to think about it, what you ever saw in me to make you fall in love with me!"

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Crawford Avalanche

O. PALMER,

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

Publisher and Proprietor

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NUMBER II

OTHER JOB IS JUST AS BAD

School Teacher and Housewife Find by Comparison That Neither One Should Envy the Other.

There had been a severe storm, lasting several days, and the little school teacher was getting very tired of it. She found it hard to go back and forth to her work, and when she reached her boarding place Friday night she was in a complaining mood. As she passed through the flat on her way to her room she said to the friend with whom she boarded, a young married woman: "You ought to be thankful you do not have to go out in these storms. It is horrible."

The other young woman looked up with a queer expression in her eyes. "I was just envying you," she said, "to think you were free to go. For three days I have been house-bound and I'm just ready to cry for a good walk in the open air. These two bairns can't be taken out in such weather, and I have no one to leave them with so that keeps me shut in. You ought to be glad you can go out."

"Queer isn't it," mused the small pedagogue, "how the other fellow's work often looks the more desirable. Perhaps each one of us will feel more resigned now, when we realize that every position has its disadvantages and that, after all, nobody can tell another."

CAPTURED THE LADY'S WATCH

Auburn-Haired Young Man Didn't Mean to Do It, But It Caught on a Button.

He was such a straight, manly fellow—with a military bearing and a soldierly tread. He had auburn hair, and he blushed easily, and, above all, he was keenly alive to the rights of his fellow-beings and anxious to do the right thing by them. But he and his friend were hurrying from the local to catch the subway express, and they would have caught it, but "He's got my watch," a woman screamed.

The manly fellow strode on, conscious of virtue.

"Hold on, hold on," said the auburn-haired man's friend, clutching his arm. "You're carrying off a lady's watch," and he unfastened the watch and chain, which had wound itself around his coat button.

The woman was still angry when she overtook them, and scarcely convinced that the blushing man was not old at the game, but she got away in time to board the express.

The auburn-haired man and his friend missed it.

The Short-Lived Pin.
By a series of experiments conducted on his estate a French investigator has discovered that pins go the way of all flesh, and are resolved into dust. Harpoons, which the experimenter watched for 154 days, disappear at the end of that time, having been resolved into a ferrous oxide, a brownish rust, which was blown away by the wind, eight pins took nearly 18 months to disappear; polished-steel needles nearly two years and a half; brass pins had but little endurance; steel pens at the end of 15 months had nearly gone, while their wooden holders were still intact. Pencils, with which he also experimented, suffered little by exposure; the lead was unharmed, and the cedar almost as good as new. Human life.

War, Wives and Whales.
Workmen excavating for a cellar in Sag Harbor, L. I., have laid bare the foundations of the home of Capt. David Hand, a hero of the Revolutionary war. Many relics were found, flintlock rifles and coins. The house of Captain Hand was the first house built in Sag Harbor. Besides being a famous soldier, Captain Hand, who was mentioned in several of J. Fenimore Cooper's books, was a well-known master-shipwright. The old warrior lies buried in Oakland cemetery, Sag Harbor, besides the graves of his five wives. The epitaph on his tombstone reads as follows:

"Behold, stranger, as you pass by, how thick the partners of one hug band lie."

Swift's Face.
There is nothing new to learn, it seems, about Swift's relations with Still and Vanessa. There is, however, it is pointed out, a hint in a hitherto unpublished letter of Chet wide to Swift written in October, 1714, which may be worth noting: "The ladies of your acquaintance are, I confess, a little hard upon you in regard to faces to tie you down to ugliness and age. But you know best if it be not just, since the world says you may command a very agreeable one and yet defer it." The last sentence is erased in the draft as if on second thought the writer feared to arouse Swift's indignation by alluding to applying a painter as Still's regard for him.

Four Generations in Hunting Field.

It was interesting to see four generations of one family in the saddle at a meet of the York and Alstey. Sir Edward Green, who is now in his eightieth year, was there wearing scarlet, finding just the same pleasure as he took in the sport 50 years ago.

His sons, Lyett Green (many years master of the pack) and Frank Green, were present, also the latter's son, Edward Green, and finally E. Green's son, Master Edward Green, who looks like being as keen on fox hunting as his forbears. "All" will be

twang of a banjo and a sonorous voice singing:

"Weep no more my lady,
Weep no more today!"

"I won't," said Eunice to herself, softly, for her mother slept on the other side of the wall, "but before I sleep I'll have a session with that hat. I'll never again take it to Miss Adams to have her city trimmer laugh at it."

Eunice always dreaded the coming of spring because there was always the distressing thought that just when all the living world was putting on its bravest and best she must go forth as usual wearing that old black leghorn hat.

Eunice's mother had bought the hat which was the best of its kind to be had because it was always her rule to get the best or go without. In vain Eunice begged for cheaper things and the privilege of having them changed occasionally.

Mrs. Lys was English and obtuse. As she had been dressed she dressed her own daughter. The leghorn hat had been turned and twisted, and coaxed into some semblance to prevailing modes until Eunice was ashamed to take it to Miss Adams, who was too conscientious to spoil it and thus make necessary the buying of new head-gear.

This season the styles were varied and bewilderingly beautiful. Day after day Eunice lingered before the enticing plate glass windows of Miss Adams' millinery parlors whence long ago the black leghorn had come to acquire and young and choice with that sickening sense of futility which hurt to the very soul. She knew exactly the kind of hat she wanted, a white horsehair with a froth of willow plume about the crown. Miss Adams had just such a hat and it was marked \$20. Eunice had not seen the price, but Edith Bens had. In fact, Edith had tried on the wonderful hat "And, oh, it's the swellest thing really, Eunice!" Edith said. "And I looked well, of course, it's out of the question for me. My mother can't afford \$20 hats, but your mother can. You ought to have it since you want it so badly. And anyway it's time you had a new hat. You must be deathly sick of that old leghorn."

"I am," admitted Eunice, faintly, swallowing at a sob. "But mother thinks it will do very well for a while yet. And, of course, it will." Eunice was loyal to her mother. "Only, only I do so want a new hat this spring."

"Well," said Edith conclusively, "all I can say is, if you don't have one you

ought to have it. And it's time you had a new hat. You must be deathly sick of that old leghorn."

As for Edith Kinch, Edith's irreproachable cousin, he had an appropriate conundrum: "What member of the vegetable kingdom does Eunice's hat resemble?" The answer, of course, was "The live forever." He also warbled a song: "Shall good old leghorns be forgotten?" to the tune of "Aud Lang Syne." It was all very distressing. It did seem a pity that the delightful May afternoon must be spoiled for her because of that old hat.

"Look, Eunice!" cried Kitty. "Look, Edie! There's Royce and Elmer Brent out there in that canoe."

It was, indeed, Ward and Elmer. And when they saw the quartet in the larger boat they shouted greeting and paddled toward them. At that moment Eunice thought she was never sure—that she felt something touch her hat as if a pin was being stealthily withdrawn. But before she had time to lift her hand to her head a smart little breeze came ruffling over the water and whisked her hat from her head. She gave a little cry as she saw it go, dipping and skimming on the current in the direction of the canoe.

It was Ward Royce who rescued that hat finally at the risk of a good wetting. He handed it to Eunice dripping, a hopelessly sodden thing.

Ward was weeping elaborately, with one eye on Eunice, whose face was scarlet. She felt joy and shame and relief all at once. The hat was a wreck. Surely she could never wear it again.

Ward Royce detached Eunice from the others of the group and walked home with her that afternoon. He carried the hat and pieced out Eunice's explanation of the catastrophe so miserably that she could not answer.

"You couldn't have planned it, surely," Mrs. Lys said. "With you may go and get another hat, dear. You shall choose for yourself this time. You are quite old enough. Only

get something handsome and wearable and remember I do not wish to pay more than \$15."

Eunice bought the white horsehair hat with the frothy willow plume.

Still Eunice did not answer. She went home helpless unhappy to find her mother sitting in the cheerful company of an overflowing work-basket.

"I'm making over the sleeves of your shirtwaists, dear," she said. "I've

found that by using a smaller pattern

I can cut out all the worn places. The waist will wear for a good while yet.

And I find," went on Mrs. Lys brightly, as if she were imparting the most pleasing information, "that I can turn your plaid skirt. It isn't faded a particle on the under side. That comes of buying the best material. Always remember that, dear. The plaid skirt will do very nicely to wear with your shirtwaists all summer."

Eunice's lips quivered. Ward would never look at her again. Men thought so much of a girl's being well dressed.

"I suppose," she said, making desparately one last appeal, "that if I am to wear that old skirt and all those old waist, I can have a new hat to go with them, can't I, mother?"

Mrs. Lys looked at her daughter in frank amazement. "Why, child!" she said. "Why, I expect that hat to do you for two seasons yet. It is a very good hat, indeed—much better than any I had when I was your age. I am surprised that you should be dissatisfied with it, Eunice."

Eunice was silent. But that night after she had gone to her room she sat a long time by the window, thinking and crying.

Eunice was very young and very deeply, very hopelessly, she believed.

She loved "Youth's Companion."

The story was pure invention.

"Why do you say that?" asked his wife.

"Look at the item again. It says

my purse contained a hundred dollars in currency, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"It says there was also a receipt bill for a \$5 hat, does it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, no woman with a hundred dollars in cash in her possession

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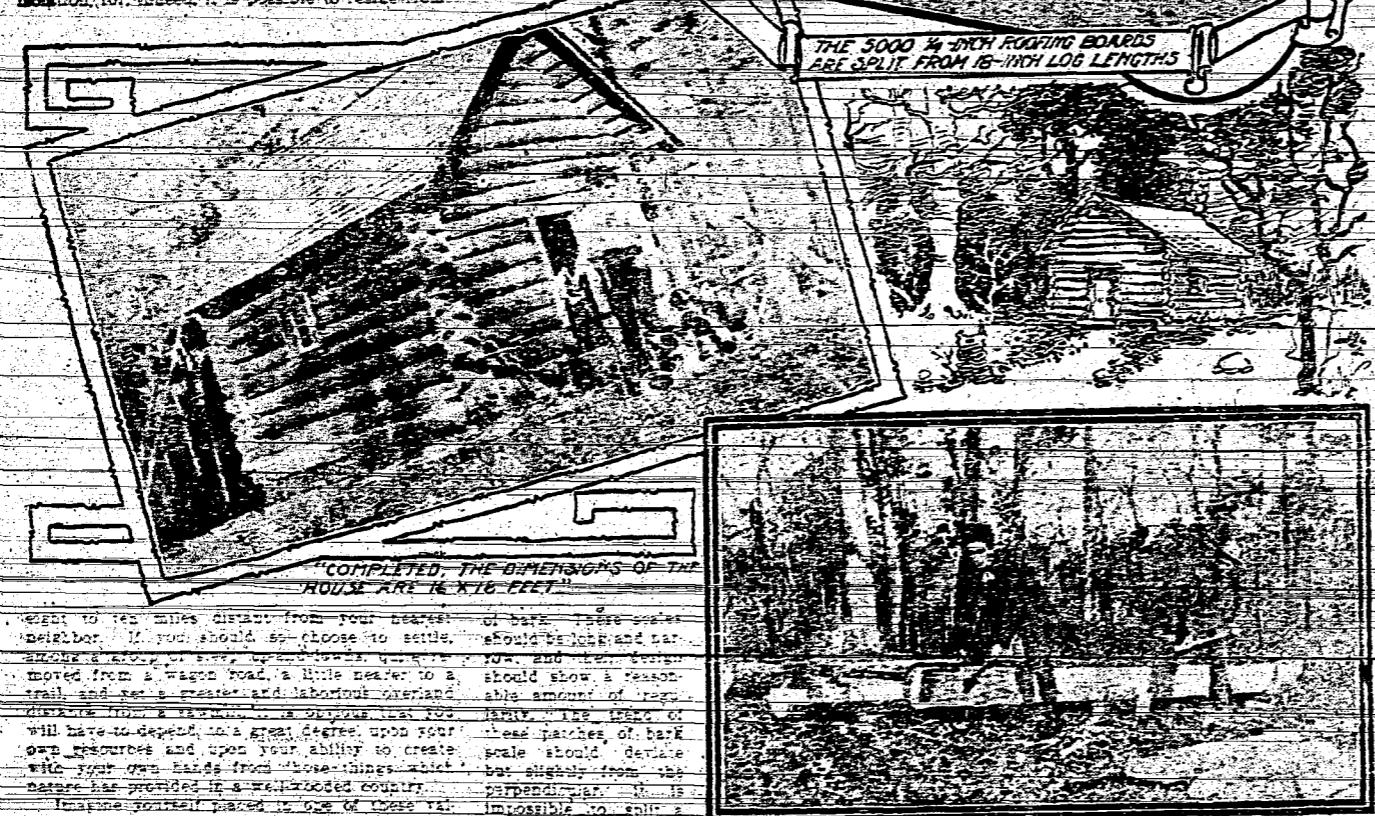
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TWENTIETH -CENTURY PIONEERING

BY GEORGE SHERMAN

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THE creative genius and the constructive ability of Robinson Crusoe, as portrayed by the vivid imagination of Defoe, have been paralleled in the real life of the pioneer, even during this final period of frontier reclamation. It is satisfying to undertake to verify the proverbial ingenuity of our forefathers in a story that tells of what is being done in this very day by a few indomitable home-builders in Uncle Sam's remaining wilderness. Fifty miles out the railroad, in either direction, describes but a few isolated spots that may be pointed to on a very modern map of the United States. One of these is in Arkansas among those extremely southern spurs of the Ozark mountains. It is of the very little territory yet remaining to be taken up under the homestead laws. Its boundary is Hot Springs to the east, Mora to the west, Gadsden to the south and Waldron to the north. In the heart of this territory, in a jumble of the Bruce range, you will find a house and barn of wood, isolation, for, indeed, it is possible to realize from



COMPLETED, THE DIMENSIONS OF THE HOUSE ARE 16 X 16 FEET

east to the west, distant from four miles, neighbor to neighbor, the houses should be chosen to settle. A few miles east, the timber is all gone, moved from a wagon road, a little nearer to a trail, and so a greater and laborious overland trail is made. The timber is all gone, and the men who have to depend, in a great degree, upon their own resources and upon their ability to create with their own hands from those things which nature has provided in a well-wooded country.

Imagine yourself placed in one of these valleys or upon one of these foothills, with no greater amount of baggage, tools and provisions than could be carried over a country of this character with a load of pack mules. Then, to be commanded, "Here is the forest, and all you can do is to prepare for yourself four weeks' abode."

This is a story of some making under such conditions. The progress of the work is illustrated and in its completion no other than the raw materials of the forest entered into the structure or its furnishings. save a small amount of hardware and incidentals. Yet, a portion of the initial equipment brought in as a settler's outfit, two young men, home-builders, took up bread and completed the entire work unassisted.

Of the tools used the double-bitted ax performed the greater portion of the heavy work. It followed in the wake of the crosscut saw after the felling of the trees, and from then on was the chief implement of construction. With it every duty of preparing the logs for raising them into their positions in the building was most adequately performed.

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At a native house raising the ones chosen for the work are usually axed and squared, then cut into separate sections—bunks, top, end, etc. How well this part of the work was done by two young men, totally unaccustomed to pioneer life, is better shown in the series of photographs which illustrate the preparation of the logs and raising the framework of the structure.

In going on to the flooring, shingling, window framing, partitioning, finishing and furnishing you would know how it was all accomplished in the absence of the products of a saw and planing mill or any of the manufacturers so essential to building construction and home making.

Five very common tools constituted the board-making outfit. This primitive substitute for a sawmill included an ax; two, or three steel wedges and as many hand-made of hickory, a frow, with hickory handle, the blade made of a section of iron tire, a mallet and a maul, each cut from unseasoned hickory timber.

Other timbers required, such as the solid oak foundation sills, the pine sleepers, or flooring supports, the joists and the rafters, were all hand-hewn with broadax from unseasoned trunks.

The work bench for hand planing and planing lumber was improvised from a half-log, 24 inches in diameter, mounted on two large stumps and held in position with wooden pegs. Smaller wood pegs were used also, to an extent, as a substitute for nails and screws in the building operations. An abbreviated assortment of carpenter's and cabinet maker's tools constituted the outfit.

Completed, the dimensions of the house are

16x16 feet and there is a second story and also a kitchen and bathroom annex. The wing is eight feet wide and extends the length of one end of the house.

The main living room is now ingeniously arranged for both convenience and comfort. It is at once convertible into either a sitting room, a dining room or a bachelor's den. In one corner of this room is a broad, turning staircase, easy to ascend, with a rustic balustrade, artistically designed with wide, rough hickory. The variegated coatings of the natural bark appear as if oxidized, which lends a feeling of soft warmth and comfort. The copy corner is diagonally opposite the stairway. Its overhanging shelves are at once a gallery of interesting photographic studies and a miniature museum of natural history. They are a repository for a collection of Indian pottery, fine arrow heads and implements of copper, streaks of vegetation, fascinating bits of strange mineral formations, brilliant plumage of rare birds, hawk's claws, feathers and a variety of

How God Answers Prayer

By REV. H. PAGE DIER
Editor of Episcopal Church of the Resurrection

Why should we pray? Many intelligent people say we should not pray and they give reasons for so believing. But even so, when there comes into their life some source of illness or some approaching disaster, or the terrors of death, almost all of them fall to prayer.

Even infants and egomites may atheist have been known to turn to God at such a time; they have ceased to rely upon their own strength and have turned to God for help.

If one were to ask us why we should pray we could give many answers. If we believe in a God at all (and almost everybody does), we realize his power and our dependence and therefore the need of prayer. If he can help us, surely he can help us to be their only help in their time of need. One sees in his character, who was not willing to break wholly with his denial of God, cried out, "It is thy God, O God, I have a hard time, but I have a hard time."

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Crawford Avalanche.

O. P. MAYER, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year	\$1.50
Six Months	.75
Three Months	.40

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1893.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY MAR. 9

1910 Slack for Lumber Industry

ONLY 114,408,523 FEET COMPARED TO 142,084,432 YEAR BEFORE.

Shingles Fall Off, Too

3,812,043,269 FEET of Saw Logs Hauled Over M. C. Mackinaw Division Since 1880.

Lumber manufactured 1910, 114,408,523 feet. Lath manufactured, 20,463,175 pieces. Shingles manufactured, 30,697,000. Logs hauled to mills, 153,749,580.

The foregoing represents the operations of the lumber industry in the territory owned by the Michigan Central, Mackinaw division, and tributary territory during 1910, as shown by figures furnished the operator to The Tribune. A few portable mills and two or three small shingle mills failed to reply for information.

The figures do not include a large quantity of cedar posts and poles, tan bark, railroad ties and wood, hauled over the road. The Mackinaw division extends north from Bay City to the Straits of Mackinaw and has numerous branches, the principal being the Detroit & Charlevoix better known as the "Ward Road," the Gladwin and Lewiston branches.

This region has been a great lumber products producer for half a century and for 30 years it has furnished the sawmills on the Saginaw river the bulk of their log supply. Since 1880 here has been hauled over this line, the staggering total of 3,812,043,269 feet of saw logs. And large quantities were hauled prior to 1880 on the lower portion of the road. Many sawmills of magnitude in operation 40 years ago have passed out of existence. Large mills were located at early day at Kawkawlin, State Roads, Sterling, Pinecreek, Deep River, Standish, West Branch, Alger, St. Helen and Roscommon.

The mill of the Batchelor Timber Co. at West Branch, manufactured last year 365,000 feet of pine, 4,000,000 feet of hemlock, and 4,500,000 feet of hardwood lumber, a total of 9,265,000 feet. Also 537,000 pieces of lath. Henry Stephens & Co. operate a large plant at Waters and last year manufactured 11,694,460 feet of pine, 7,578,369 feet of hemlock, and 4,122,663 feet of hardwood lumber, a total of 23,395,472 feet. Also 7,811,100 pieces of lath. This company has timber enough for several years' operations. It began lumbering at St. Helen in 1880 where was manufactured a little more than four hundred million feet of lumber, and then the operations were removed to the present location.

Grayling is one of the most important lumbering points north of Bay City on the Mackinaw division. Here the Salling Hanson Co. has operated a quarter of a century. It is one of the strongest lumber concerns in the country and the members of the company stand very high in the business world. They have scored marvelous success in the lumber industry, and have extensive interests in other localities than Grayling. The mill has a splendid record behind it for years. Last year the company manufactured 6,881,523 feet of pine, 13,645,523 feet of hemlock and 7,661,059 feet of hardwood lumber, a total output of 26,888,228 feet. Also 3,992,375 pieces of lath and 5,023,500 shingles. This company also operates a planing mill. The Kerr & Hansen flooring plant also operates a large flooring mill with a capacity of 10,000,000 feet or more a year.

R. Hanson & Sons operate a new mill at "T-Town" just at the outskirts of Grayling, which manufactured last year, 20,580 feet of pine, 3,349,974 feet of hemlock and 3,354,517 of hardwood lumber, a total output of 6,725,101 feet of lumber. The N. Michelson Lumber Co., Grayling people, two years ago started the lumber city on Houghton Lake, where the company acquired a large body of timber. Last year the company manufactured 300,000 feet of pine, 5,000 feet of hemlock and tamarack and 200,000 feet of hardwood lumber, a total of 5,700,000 feet. Also 14,000,000 shingles.

The Johannesburg Manufacturing Co. in which the Michelsons and Hansons are identified, and F. T. Michelson is manager, manufactured last year 184,000 feet of pine, 5,827,000 feet of hemlock and 6,120,000 feet of hardwood lumber, a total output of 12,162,000 feet. Also 1,190,000 pieces of lath.

The Michelson-Hanson Lumber Co., operating a large plant at Lewiston, on the Lewiston branch of the Michigan Central, closed operations in May last, having been actively engaged during the year before closing down approximately 3,500,000 feet of hemlock and 1,500,000 feet of hardwood lumber, the total being 4,500,000 feet. The mill has been dismantled and moved away.

At Lovell's on the Lewiston branch, T. E. Douglas & Co. last year manufactured 1,000,000 feet of tamarack and 3,000,000 shingles.

Louis Jenson operates a mill at Sallie, the output last year being 25,000 feet of pine, 3,250,000 feet of hemlock and 1,750,000 feet of hardwood lumber, a total of 5,025,000 feet. Also 1,550,000 pieces of lath.

Humphrey Bros. at Gaylord, manufactured 75,000 feet of hemlock and 25,000 feet of hardwood lumber, 100,000 feet in all.

Uill Bros. at Vanderbilt, manufactured 3,600,000 feet of hemlock lumber, also 3,000,000 pieces of lath.

The estate of David Ward, located at Deward, 12 miles west of Frederic, manufactured last year 8,120,558 feet of pine, 3,224,379 feet of hemlock, and 3,622,765 feet of hardwood lumber, a total of 15,967,702 feet. Also 2,389,700 pieces of lath and 554,000 shingles.

At West Branch Tolfree & Co. manufactured 2,120,000 shingles.

Frank Keller operated a shingle mill at Vanderbilt. No direct report was received, but the estimated output is 7,000,000 pieces.

COMPARISONS

Year Feet
1906 lumber manufactured 156,654,175
1907 " 144,776,613

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George E. Metcalf, Traverse City, Mich.

Traversing the sugar beet

industry of the country, which have just been completed, show that Michigan leads in the union in the production of beet sugar, with California second. Last year the state produced 260,000,000 pounds of sugar. The record the year before was 212,000,000.

There are 35,000 farmers engaged in the growing of beets in the state and 1,200,000 tons of beets were grown last year. The factories paid \$700,000 to farmers, the average price per acre being \$70. The average tonnage per acre was 13, which is three times greater than any previous year.

Operating expenses of the 16 factories in the state amounted to \$3,000,000. Crime and self-destruction have increased fourfold in Japan since her contest with Russia. There were 11,000 acts of suicide, mostly hara-kiri, last year. The taxes and industrial depression are blamed. Norman Angell calculates the Franco-Prussian war has cost Germany \$400,000,000 more than she got in indemnities from

conquered France. For instance, he says \$150,000,000 was spent by Germany in increasing its peace army to 330,000 men; \$400,000,000 in wages were lost by the Germans killed and wounded. The German war force was en-

larged by 100,000 men, and that has been maintained for 40 years, at a total cost of \$1,000,000. Then there was the loss of the German trade and German foreign markets. —New York Press.

For Falling Hair

You Run No Risk When You Use

This Remedy

We promise you that, if your hair is falling out, and you have not let it go too far, you can repair the damage already done by using Rexall "93" Hair Tonic, with persistency and regularity, for a reasonable length of time.

It is a scientific, cleansing, antiseptic, mercurial preparation, that destroys microbes, stimulates good circulation around the hair roots, promotes hair nourishment, removes dandruff and restores hair health. It is a pleasant

use to use pure water, and it is delicately perfumed. It is a real toilet necessity.

We want you to try Rexall "93" Hair Tonic with our promise that it will cost you nothing unless you are perfectly satisfied with its use.

The Rexall Store. A. M. Lewis & Co.

Distance Too Far for Wireless. The efforts made by the United States government to establish a wireless communication between Japan and San Francisco, by way of Hawaii, have been in the main unsuccessful, although messages have been successfully forwarded. At the present state of the art the transmission is too unreliable to be of any commercial value.

Toss a Cold Weather Drink. One-third more tea is used in autumn and winter than in summer and spring.

Republican Ticket

State Convention at Saginaw Indorse National Administration.

At the republican state convention held in Saginaw, matters passed of harmonious on the whole. Some things were done and some left undone.

Among the matters left undone, pleasing and displeasing according to the position one holds regarding them, were endorsing reciprocity with Canada, endorsing Senator William Alden Smith to succeed himself as candidate for U. S. senator from Michigan, endorsing the initiative, referendum and recall plank so strongly advocated by Governor Osborn.

The convention strongly endorsed President Taft's administration, Governor Osborn, the direct election of United States senators, a special taxation commission, the giving of the railroad commission control over express rates and the present policy of economy in transacting affairs of the state.

The following state ticket was nominated.

Justices of the supreme Court—Russel C. Ostrander, Lansing and E. H. Bird, Adrian.

Regents of the university—Benjamin S. Hanchett, Grand Rapids, and Lucius L. Hubbard, Houghton.

Members state board of education—Thomas W. Nade, Olivet.

Superintendent of public instruction—Luther L. Wright, Ironwood.

Members state board of agriculture—John W. Beaumont, Detroit, and James Woodman, Paw Paw.

Attacks School Principal.

A severe attack on school principal, Chas. H. Allen, of Sylvan, Ga., is thus told by him. "For more than three years," he writes, "I suffered innumerable torture from rheumatism and stomach trouble and digestive kidney. All remedies failed till I used Electric Bitters, but four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me completely." Such remedies are common. Thousands benefit from it, curing stomach trouble, female complaints, kidney disorders, biliousness, and for new health and vigor. Try them. Only 50c at A. M. Lewis & Co.

May Vote on Primary Fund.

Unless all signs fail, there will be submitted to the people at the spring election the constitutional amendment changing the distribution of primary school money so that it will not pile up in the treasuries of districts that don't need it, but will be evenly distributed where it will do the most good.

Under the present system it is distributed per capita without consideration being given to the actual amounts needed for teachers' salaries, and there is now in school treasuries more than \$80,000, which is lying idle.

In one district there is money enough on hand to pay the salary of the teacher for 22 years and in many others the amounts being held are sufficient to keep the schools going for terms, varying from 5 to 15 years and it continues to pile up year by year.

Under the McNaughton constitutional amendment which passed the house without trouble and which is also an unqualified favorable action in the senate, no district may have on hand more than enough to pay the teachers' expenses two years in advance and when that sum is reached the distribution is automatically cut off and that district gets no more money until it needs it, the money being distributed among the districts, the expenses of which are in excess of the amounts received from the state.

The only opposition which has developed is from the districts who have the money lying in the bank, their idea evidently being that they want to get all they can in the hope of a great development in the future. When the measure for submission is passed by the senate it will be given immediate effect so that it can be submitted at the April election.

In Witness Whereof, I have

set my hand and seal this second day of February A. D. 1911.

H. G. BENEDICT,
Sheriff of Crawford Co., Mich.

Feb 23.

JOHN H. TOBIN

[SEAL]

Notice Patrons.

I hereby announce that I am in the field to take orders for all kinds of nursery stock, for the Perry Nursery Company, for this spring delivery, the largest in the world. The most beautiful roses to be had, at very special rates. It pays to hold your orders till I can call.

Respectfully,

JOHN H. TOBIN

[Signature]

For Sale.

The County of Crawford offers for sale the old County Infirmary, situated on Ogemaw street, east, consisting of a nine room house in good repair, and two corner lots. Cheap for cash, or liberal terms on part. For price see A. Taylor, Chairman of Building Committee.

Endless Chain.

What the great thinkers think to day the mass of thinkers will think to-morrow. And the day after the great army of non-thinkers will say that they always thought so.

For Sale.

A Fierce Night Alarm. In the horse-startling cough of a child suddenly attacked by croton. Often it accused Lewis Chambain of Manchester, O. (R. R. No. 2) for their four children were greatly subject to croton. "Sometimes in severe attacks," he wrote, "we were afraid they would die, but since we proved what a certain remedy Dr. King's New Discovery is, we have no fear. We rely on it for croton and for coughs or any throat or lung trouble." So do thousands of others. So may you. Asthma, Hay Fever, La Grippe, Whooping Cough, Hemorrhages fly before it. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Sold by A. M. Lewis & Co.

Feb 23.



THE FINAL SETTLEMENT

The Final Settlement.

A thoroughly up to the minute drama of American social life, "THE FINAL SETTLEMENT", will be the attraction at Opera House on Saturday, March 18, 1911. The play is by L. B. Parker, author of many successes, and is considered to be one of the best of his many compositions.

In the play, the hero, an ambitious young workingman, rises to be the president of a great iron mill corporation. Then comes his ambition to shine in the social world. To do this he divorces his faithful first wife and mar

Crawford

O. PALMER, Ed.

RATES OF \$1

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Six Months.....

Three Months.....

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at Grayling, Mich., and

March 3, 1899

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Beaver Creek Township.

1910.	Dr.	1910.	Cr.
Oct. 31. To rejected tax	\$20.62	Oct. 1. By balance	\$38.88
" " balance	46.94	" 31. " library money	18.96
		" " tax col.	8.72
Total	\$67.56	Total	\$67.56
Nov. 30. To balance	\$161.54	Nov. 1. By balance	\$46.94
		" 30. " pri school mo'y	106.02
		" " taxes col.	9.40
Total	\$161.54	Total	\$161.54
Dec. 31. To balance	\$320.71	Dec. 1. By balance	\$161.54
		" 31. " tax col. co treas	107.53
		" " tax col and gen	19.76
		" " sale of tax hd l'd	31.88
Total	\$320.71	Total	\$320.71

Resolved, that whereas this county under provision of law, included in the levy of 1909, the sum of \$1,000.00 for general bridge purposes and the further sum of \$1,000.00, in the tax levy of 1910, for the same purpose, and, whereas, the sum of \$1,400.00 remains unappropriated in said funds. And whereas, the plans and estimates prepared by the State Highway Commissioner, for a bridge over the main stream of the Au Sable, on Sec. 2, Twp. 26, N R 1 W, show a cost in excess of the estimates first presented to the board, in amount sufficient to satisfy, for a further appropriation from the bridge fund to assist in its construction. Therefore, be it resolved that a further sum of \$400.00, be appropriated from the bridge fund in favor of the treasurer of the South Branch Township for \$400.00, on presentation of an affidavit of the Highway Commissioner of South Branch Township, that said bridge has been completed, ready for the public.

Yea and nay vote called. Supervisors Houghton, Taylor, Hanna, and Barnes voted yea, Nays, none. Resolution declared adopted.

Moved by Supervisor Hanna, that the coroner's bond of James A. Leighton in the sum of \$2,000.00, with the sureties thereon, to wit: Sarah E. McKay, Effie P. Lighton, and O. Palmer, be, and the same is hereby approved of, and the same be then filed with the county treasurer. Yea and nay vote called. Supervisors Hanna, Taylor, and Barnes voted yea, Nays, none. Resolution declared adopted.

By Supervisor Hanna. Resolved, that the committee of the board be discharged from further consideration of the small-pox bills, presented, by the township of Frederic, and that a special committee be appointed by the chair, to consider such bills, and that they be authorized to make a thorough investigation of all claims presented, and report the result of their investigation to this board.

Resolved, that the prosecuting attorney, be, and is hereby instructed to investigate, and report to this body, as to the liability of the county, as to each bill presented.

Resolved further, that when this board adjourns today, it adjourn to meet on Wednesday, January 18, 1911, and that the report of the special committee and prosecuting attorney, be presented to the board for their consideration on that date, and that Charles Craven, chairman of the Frederic Board of Health, be informed.

Supervisor Houghton, moved the adoption of the resolution.

Yea and nay vote called. Supervisors Houghton, Hanna, Taylor, and Barnes voted yea, Nays, none. Resolution declared adopted.

By Supervisor Houghton. Whereas the resolution adopted by this board, requiring the special committee on small-pox claims, to visit Frederic, and investigate the same, and make a detailed report on each claim presented. Therefore be it

Resolved, that when this board adjourns, it adjourns to meet on January 26, 1911, at 2 p.m., and that a special committee be made a special order for the day. Motion prevailed.

Bills presented by the clerk were placed in the hands of the committee on claims and accounts.

Bills of Charles Craven and Theodore Jendron were referred to the soldiers relief committee.

On motion of Supervisor Houghton, the board went into executive session.

Moved by Supervisor Houghton, that the board adjourn. Motion prevailed.

By Supervisor Houghton. The board then proceeded to consider the small-pox claims, to wit:

Bill No. 15. Moved by Supervisor Houghton, that the bill No. 15 of Gil.

Moved by Supervisor Hanna, and supported by Supervisor Houghton, that the following claims, having been presented by the special committee on smallpox claims, be allowed.

Bill No. 29. Moved by Supervisor Houghton, that the bill No. 29 of Gil.

Moved by Supervisor Hanna, and supported by Supervisor

SUPPLEMENT TO CRAWFORD AVALANCHE

GRAYLING, CRAWFORD COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1911.

ANNUAL TAX SALE

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

County of Crawford.

The Circuit Court for the County of Crawford, in Chancery, on the 16th day of April, A. D. 1911, at the opening of the Court on that day, and at all other times thereafter, in the County of Crawford, for and in behalf of said State, for the sale of certain lands for taxes assessed thereon.

On reading and filing the petition of the Auditor General of the State of Michigan, praying for and in behalf of said State, for the amounts therein described, for the amounts therein specified, claimed to be due for taxes, interest and charges on each such parcel of land, and that such lands be sold for the amounts so claimed by the State of Michigan, and that the same be brought on for hearing and decree at the regular form of this Court to be held at Grayling, in the County of Crawford, State of Michigan, on the 16th day of April, A. D. 1911, at the opening of the Court on that day, and at all other times thereafter, in the County of Crawford, for and in behalf of said State, for the sale of certain lands for taxes assessed thereon by the State of Michigan, for such taxes, interest and charges, or any part thereof, shall appear in said Court and file with the Clerk thereof, acting as registrar, a chancery, and shall be obeyed, and that in default thereof the same will be taken as confessed and a decree will be taken and entered as prayed for in said petition. And it is further ordered, that in judgment, or in decree, of this Court, it will be sold for the amount of taxes, interest and charges thereon as determined by such decree, on the first Tuesday in May thereafter, beginning at 10 o'clock a. m. on said day, or on such days, subsequent thereto, as may be necessary to dispose of the same, of each and every parcel thereof, at the office of the County Treasurer, or at such convenient place as shall be selected by him at the county seat of the County of Crawford, State of Michigan; and that the same, and the decree, shall be made public, and so far as may be necessary, the decree shall be separately exposed for sale for the total taxes, interest and charges, and the sale shall be made to the person paying the full amount charged against such parcel, and accepting a conveyance of the same, and if no one will buy the taxes and charges and take a conveyance of the same, then the whole parcel shall be offered and sold. If any parcel of land cannot be sold for the taxes, interest and charges, or any part thereof, at the time, or on the preceding day, or before the close of the sale, the same cannot be sold for the amount aforesaid, the County Treasurer shall bid off the same to the highest bidder, and the seal of said Circuit Court of Crawford County this 16th day of February, A. D. 1911.

NELSON SHARP,
Circuit Judge.
Countersigned:
JOHN J. NIEDERER, Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

To the Circuit Court for the County of Crawford in Chancery:

The petition of Oramel B. Fuller, Auditor General of the State of Michigan, for and in behalf of said State, respectively, and that the same be filed in the office of the Auditor General.

That a description of all the lands in said County of Crawford upon which taxes were assessed for the years mentioned therein, and which were returned as delinquent, for non-payment of taxes, and which taxes have been set aside for collection, and the amounts of taxes, interest, and expenses computed thereon to the time fixed for sale, and collection fee and expenses, as provided by law, be extended against each of said parcels of land.

Your petitioner further swears that the same lands were assessed and taxed under the provisions of Act 206 of the Public Acts of 1893, as delinquent for non-payment of said taxes for said years respectively, and that said taxes remain unpaid, except that lands included in said "Semi-annual Tax Sale" of 1890 or prior years.

That the Auditor General of the State of Michigan, as in force prior to the passage of Act 206 of the Public Acts of 1893, and which taxes remain unpaid.

Your petitioner further swears that in all cases where lands are assessed under "A" as aforesaid for taxes of 1890 or of any prior year, said lands have not been sold for said taxes or any other taxes, and have not been sold for said delinquent taxes and the sale or sales so made have been set aside by collection, computed, and extended, as provided by law.

That the same further swears that the taxes, interest, collection fee and expenses, as set forth in said "Schedule A" are a valid lien on the several parcels of land described in said schedule.

Your petitioner further swears that the said taxes on said described lands have remained unpaid for more than one year after they were returned as delinquent; and the said taxes not having been paid, and the same being now due, the Auditor General of the State of Michigan against each parcel of said lands, for the payment of the several amounts of taxes, interest, collection fee and expenses as computed and extended in said schedule against the same, and the same further swears that the payment of the said several sums computed and extended against said lands, that each of said parcels of land may be sold for the amounts due thereon, as provided by law, to pay the lien aforesaid.

And your petitioner will ever pray, etc.

Dated February 10th, 1911.

ORAMEL B. FULLER,
Auditor General of the State of Michigan,
for and in behalf of said State.

SCHEDULE A.

TAXES OF 1906.

TOWNSHIP 27 NORTH OF RANGE 1 WEST.

Section. Acres. 100th. Amount of taxes. Interest. Collection fee. Charges. Total.

1/4 of s.w. 1/4. 1 80 2 03 1 02 .08 1 00 1 13

VILLAGE OF GRAYLING.

Original Plat.

Block. Acres. 100th. Amount of taxes. Interest. Collection fee. Charges. Total.

Parcel A. 29 15 .01 1 00 1 45

TAXES OF 1907.

FIRST ADDITION TO PORTAGE LAKE PARK.

lots 1, 2, 3, 14, 20, 21, 33, 35, 37, 44 and 48. 1 55 .59 .06 1 00 3 21

lots 6, 8, 14, 20, 21, 33, 35, 37, 44 and 48. 1 47 .68 .01 1 00 1 23

FOURTH ADDITION TO PORTAGE LAKE PARK.

lots 8 and 9. 8 32 .12 .01 1 00 1 45

TAXES OF 1908.

TOWNSHIP 25 NORTH OF RANGE 1 WEST.

Section. Acres. 100th. Amount of taxes. Interest. Collection fee. Charges. Total.

1/4 of s.w. 1/4. 14 80 1 01 25 .03 1 00 2 31

1/4 of s.w. 1/4. 14 80 1 03 25 .04 1 00 2 41

1/4 of s.w. 1/4. 14 80 1 05 25 .04 1 00 2 41

1/4 of s.w. 1/4. 14 80 1 07 25 .04 1 00 2 41

1/4 of s.w. 1/4. 14 80 1 09 25 .04 1 00 2 41

1/4 of s.w. 1/4. 14 80 1 11 25 .04 1 00 2 41

1/4 of s.w. 1/4. 14 80 1 13 25 .04 1 00 2 41

1/4 of s.w. 1/4. 14 80 1 15 25 .04 1 00 2 41

1/4 of s.w. 1/4. 14 80 1 17 25 .04 1 00 2 41

1/4 of s.w. 1/4. 14 80 1 19 25 .04 1 00 2 41

1/4 of s.w. 1/4. 14 80 1 21 25 .04 1 00 2 41

1/4 of s.w. 1/4. 14 80 1 23 25 .04 1 00 2 41

1/4 of s.w. 1/4. 14 80 1 25 25 .04 1 00 2 41

1/4 of s.w. 1/4. 14 80 1 27 25 .04 1 00 2 41

1/4 of s.w. 1/4. 14 80 1 29 25 .04 1 00 2 41

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1/4 of s.w. 1/4. 14 80 1 39 25 .04 1 00 2 41

1/4 of s.w. 1/4. 14 80 1 41 25 .04 1 00 2 41

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1/4 of s.w. 1/4. 14 80 1 97 25 .04 1 00 2 41

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FIRST ADDITION TO PORTAGE LAKE PARK.

PORTAGE HEIGHTS.

proper shape to be acted upon. Motion prevailed. Bill No. 6—Moved by Supervisor Barnes, that the bill No. 6, of James Leighton, for \$76.55 for miscellaneous charges be allowed at \$7.50, the balance being held to the township charge. Yeas and nays—yea, 10; nay, 1. Motion prevailed.

Bill No. 8—Moved by Supervisor Houghton, that the bill No. 8, of Andrew Brown, as assistant health officer, for \$47.25 be rejected, the same being considered to be chargeable to the township of Frederic. Yeas and nays—yea, 10; nay, 1. Motion prevailed.

Bill No. 9—Moved by Supervisor Craven, that the bill No. 9, of Chas. Wilber, for enforcing quarantine be rejected, the same being a charge against the township of Frederic. Yeas and nays—yea, 10; nay, 1. Motion prevailed.

Moved by Supervisor Craven, that the claim of Matus Hanson, of \$14.05 be allowed as charged, and an order drawn for the same. Yeas and nays—yea, 10; nay, 1. Motion prevailed.

On motion the board adjourned until 6:30, this evening, January 27, 1911.

EVENING SESSION, Jan. 27, 1911.

Board called together by the chairman.

Roll called. Full board present.

Supervisor Barnes in the chair.

Moved by Supervisor Barnes, that the special committee on smallpox cases be allowed the regular rate per diem, and actual traveling expenses for time actual engaged. Yeas and nays—yea, 10; nay, 1. Motion prevailed.

On motion of Supervisor Craven, that the following bills of the several supervisors were allowed as charged, to wit:

Charles Craven \$25.08
John Hanna 29.79
Ed S. Houghton 25.04

By Supervisor Hanna.

Resolved, Whereas, the constantly increasing requirements of the various departments of county government, as to stationary, office supplies, fuel, material, etc., has reached such proportions as to be a matter of considerable importance from the stand point of uniform economy and efficiency, and when it is manifested that the purchasing, storing and distributing of supplies can best be done by one person acting as sole purchasing agent for all departments of county government.

Therefore, resolved, that the county clerk be, and hereby is made purchasing agent for the county, and all materials and supplies must be ordered by said purchasing agent, and all accounts must be certified by him to the board of supervisors for audit and payment, and accounts contracted by other county officials, except poor commissioners and matters clearly ordered by statute, will not be recognized or audited by the board of supervisors.

Further, the purchasing agent is directed to have printed blanks for the use of the various county officials, and all such officials when needing materials or supplies of any kind are directed to make a signed requisition on the purchasing agent for the same. When material or supplies requested are not on hand, and the board of supervisors are not in session to consider such requirements and such requisition will exceed \$25.00, then the purchasing agent shall present such requisition to the chairman of the building committee for his approval, before ordering, and further, shall present such requisition and the invoice for same to the board of supervisors on the first day of next session, for audit and allowance. Yeas and nays—yea, 10. Motion prevailed.

Supervisors Barnes, Craven, Houghton, Hanna, and Taylor voted yea. Resolution declared adopted.

By Supervisor Houghton.

Resolved, that whereas under provision of law audited and allowed, this board has bills aggregating \$884.49, present by the board of health of Frederic, in connection with the recent epidemic of smallpox, and whereas such epidemic and resulting expenditure was entirely unexpected, and no money was included in the tax levy for 1910, from which to pay such claims.

And whereas, Act 98, Public Acts of 1909, provides, that in cases of dangerous, communicable diseases certain expenses incurred by the town for the care of health, shall be certified to the board of supervisors to be audited by said board, and thereon said act further requires, that said board shall provide for the immediate payment of such claims, and further empowers the board, if necessary, to issue orders and borrow money for the immediate payment of all such bills and expenses, and to include the amount in the next appropriation of money to be raised by taxation.

Therefore, resolved, that it is expedient to borrow the sum of \$884.49 for the immediate payment of such claims, and that the Chairman of the Finance Committee are hereby appointed a committee to arrange for such loan, and the chairman and clerk of this board are directed to execute a note or order in behalf of the county, and place the amount in the hands of the county treasurer to be credited to the contingent fund, to pay said orders. Yeas and nays—yea, 10. Motion prevailed.

Moved by Supervisor Houghton, that the purchasing agent be authorized to buy 50 cords of three foot wood for the court house and jail. Motion prevailed.

Moved by Supervisor Craven, that the board adjourn until 9 o'clock tomorrow morning. Motion prevailed. Read and approved.

O. F. BARNES, Chairman.
J. NIEDERER, Clerk.

On motion the board adjourned until 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

MORNING SESSION, Jan. 28, 1911.

Roll called. Quorum present.

Supervisor Barnes in the chair.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

On motion the board adjourned until 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

AFTERNOON SESSION, Jan. 28, 1911.

Board called to order by the chairman.

Roll called. Quorum present.

Supervisor Barnes in the chair.

On motion the following bills were allowed as charged, to wit:

O. F. Barnes \$12.00
Delbert Taylor 27.34
John J. Niederer 15.50

By Supervisor Hanna.

Cures Colds in 24 Hours

Resolved, whereas, the proper observation of the game and fish laws and the resultant preservation of game and fish have been recognized as a matter of great importance to this country, both because of the assistance it is to the settlers of the country and because of the material financial profit it brings to citizens in the way of employment, trade and taxes, and whereas such observations of the laws and preservation of game and fish has necessitated the employment of County Deputy Warden where compensation is paid by the county out of the county's proportion of game licensees, and whereas the present law regarding the taking out of licenses by hunters requires that such licensees be taken out in the county where the applicant resides, and not where he hunts, and this materially reduces the funds available for game protection, when most required. Resolution adopted.

Therefore, resolved that it is the sense of the board that the law should be so changed as to require all licensees to be taken out in the county where the applicant hunts. And resolved, further, that the proportion of such licensees going to the county, and only available for game and fish protection, should be materially increased as the most sensible and consistent method of bettering game protection, and thus increasing the supply of game and fish available for the use of the people.

Resolved, that the action of but a few tablets results in relief. Nothing simpler.

25 cents for 35 tablets.

Whatever a good drug store ought to have, you will find it here. Come to us first and you'll get what you want.

By Supervisor Hanna.

Resolved.

Whereas the development and settlement of the county is a matter of deep concern to every citizen and when such settlement and development is being materially aided by work carried on by the Northeastern Michigan Development Bureau, and where a still greater benefit can be gained from the work of the Bureau by prompt action in answering inquiries, furnishing plat information, and as to state or other lands available for purchase and settlement.

Therefore, resolved, that the chairman and clerk of this board, are hereby authorized to have prepared plots of the county and township both of available state lands and such general information as they may deem suitable for prospective settlers, and to arrange a system for distributing same and they are authorized to make expenditures not exceeding \$100 in all for such purposes, and report same to this board. Resolution adopted.

By Supervisor Taylor.

Resolved, that the county is authorized to pay the compensation of all Deputy County Wardens and whereas uniform in charges and a complete understanding of the work done, for which compensation is claimed is necessary for a proper auditing of game warden bills. Therefore, resolved, that such compensation be and hereby is fixed at \$2.50 per day, and no allowance for expenses, and one day's time to be allowed in 24 hours, and all bills for such service to be itemized, as to day and date and to state when the work was performed and the purpose for which undertaken. Resolution adopted.

Moved by Supervisor Barnes, that the request of the sheriff for a storm house at the sheriff's residence be granted and that the Building Committee be instructed to cause such storm house to be erected; the amount of expenditure for the same not to exceed \$25.00. Motion prevailed.

Moved by Supervisor Hanna, that the ornamenting of the Crawford Co. Infirmary grounds be left with the chairman, and the committee on County Poor. Motion prevailed.

Minutes read and approved, on motion of Supervisor Hanna, the board adjourned without date.

O. F. BARNES, Chairman.
J. NIEDERER, Clerk.

WANTED—A Laundress at the Russell Hotel.

FOR SALE—Two houses near the South Side Grocery Store. Call on or address, Olson Stool.

Found, and left in this office for the owner, a new pocket compass, which said owner can have, by paying for this notice, which amount we will give to the boy for his honesty.

FOR SALE—Thirteen fine building lots, one hundred dollars and upwards. Dwelling house on lots one and two. Young orchard in bearing, any one of all lots will be sold. For particulars have a talk with Wright Davis, Grayling, Mich.

Call on George Langevin for dry wood, to be promptly delivered.

Order your coal of Salling, Hanson Co. Prices low, and prompt delivery.

Order your coal of Salling, Hanson Co. Prices low, and prompt delivery.

Order your coal of Salling, Hanson Co. Prices low, and prompt delivery.

Geo. Langevin delivers St. Charles coal at your house. Phone 591.

Bates sells the best Coal.

Let me quote you a price on Royal Asbestos Roofing, put on F. R. Deckrow.

Beech and Maple Block Wood for furnaces. Leave orders with SALLING, HANSON COMPANY.

FOR SALE—Four houses in the village of Grayling, for particulars see or address, T. BOESGN.

Fine Bathroom Outfit in display window No. 400 Cedar street. F. R. Deckrow.

St. Charles Coal is the best ever brought to this market. For sale by Geo. Langevin, Phone No. 524.

Mrs. McElroy is feeling much better again. She is now ready for work. Ladies come and bring your combings.

Parties desiring to mate their breeding hens with a first class Plymouth Rock mate, call on Mrs. Larson, south side.

When you have rheumatism in your feet or instep apply Chamberlain's Liniment, and you will get quick relief. It costs but a quarter.

Buy it by all dealers.

Mrs. Maude Bellmore of Beaver Creek has a fine team which she offers for sale cheap. Address or call, Mrs. Maude Bellmore, Wellington, Mich.

feb23—WALMER JORGENSEN.

Money Saved is Money Made!

It is
Easy
To
Save
Money—
But come
Quickly!

1-3 to 1-2 OFF!

If money is any object to you
DON'T miss this chance to
MAKE or SAVE it. Your last
opportunity to get an Overcoat
or Winter weight Suit at 1-3
to 1-2 off

Ladies' Trimmed Any Ladies' Misses or Childrens'

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THIS WEEK

Hyacinths, Primroses, Cyclamen, Fern, Vinca, Radish, Cabbages. Give me your orders for Easter, and for Flower plants, to be needed this spring.

PHONE 444.

Election Notice.

To the Electors of Crawford County: You are hereby notified that at the General election to be held in this State on Monday the third day of April, 1911, the following officers are to be elected or re-elected in the County of Crawford, Michigan. Two Justices of the Supreme Court, Two Regents of the University, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Member of the State Board of Education, Two Members of the State Board of State Institutions, Two Circuit Judges, and a Trial Justice.

In Witness Whereof, I have signed and caused this to be done this second day of February A. D. 1911.

H. G. BENEDICT,

Sheriff of Crawford Co., Mich.

feb23—

Notice Patrons.

I hereby announce that I am in the field to take orders for all kinds of nursery stock, for the Perry Nursery Company, for this spring delivery, the largest in the world. The most beautiful roses to be had, at very special rates. It pays to hold your orders till I can call.

Respectfully,
JOHN H. TOBIN

feb23—

A Great Opportunity.

For sale—Two hundred acres of land on the south end of Portage Lake, the finest location on the finest lake in northern Michigan. Three forties fronting entire on the water and two joining on the south high land especially adapted for fruit or general farming. This property belongs to the estate of Chris Larson, and must be sold. Call on or address, P. C. PETESEN, Garyling, Mich.

feb23—

For Sale.

The S. 1/4 of the N. W. 1/4 of section 8, T. 28 N. of Range 3 West, Crawford County, Mich., 20 acres cleared, good well on the land, hard wood stump land on main traveled road, 2 1/2 miles from Waters, nice lake one-fourth mile from land, will take \$750.00 cash for the same. Call or write.

feb23—

ARTHUR HOWSON

Frederick, Mich.

feb23—

Notice to Contractors.

To remodel the furniture store I will receive seal bids up to 2 o'clock p.m., March 15, 1911, as follows:

Raising of building, carpenter work, making of concrete basement wall and excavation. For particulars inquire at the store. All bids must be accompanied by a certified check of \$100.00 as security. I reserve the right

to reject any or all bids.

feb23—

J. W. SORENSEN

feb23—

Choice

Fresh or Smoked

Delivered to

Your Kitchen

NOTICE

The annual settlement of the Township of Grayling will be held in the Town hall on March 21, 1911—Lee Winslow, T. C.

WANTED—Sewing, quilting, etc.

FOR SALE—A full line of buggies and harness for sale at my livery barn. A few second hand rigs, and anything you want, now, from the factory. Call and if you do not find what you want in stock, find it in the catalogue, Geo. Langevin.

feb23—

W. A. LEWIS & CO.

feb23—

IT HAS BROUGHT JOY TO MILLIONS

TO CURE COUGHS AND COLDS WHOOPING COUGH

Craw

G. P. A.

100

One Year

Six Month

Three Month

Entered as

as Grayling

March 3, 1841

GRAYLING

1910 S

ONLY

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We all admire a man who won't peach and an egg that will.

A "husbandette" is apt to be found washing the dishes in a "kitchenette."

With some assistance from gasoline this has become a pretty fast country.

The truth may be the worst of insults, but that does not necessarily make it a lie.

Fashion doesn't give fine feathers a chance to make fine birds; it needs them all for hats.

When it comes to having bulldogs stolen by burglars, one must indeed feel the biting irony of fate.

It's just about time for a new disease to be discovered. Pelagra and hookworm are becoming ordinary.

To save our life, we can't get deeply interested in the tomb of Ananias. There are too many live liars in this world.

The proposed trouser reform has raised a great howl in the ranks of the knock-kneed, pigeon-toed and thin-shanked Apollos.

A man in Boston wants a divorce because his wife throws knives at him. It takes so little to make some husbands poevish.

Scientists have discovered a new element, certum. Will it also be used as a cancer cure until another new element is discovered?

A Boston woman advances the theory that overeating is likely to cause race suicide. It is likely also to cause bankruptcy.

The flight of a new star recently discovered in the Milky Way was 150 years in reaching the earth. Pretty slow, as things go now.

New York subway crowds fatally trampled upon a young woman. And yet that city is hoping for a population of 35,000,000 eventually.

We are assured that a race of bald-headed women is threatened. Maybe, but many a man will not discover any evidences of this until after the nuptial knot is tied.

A western man tried to commit suicide because he had too much house work to do. He had reached a point where breaking dishes no longer relieved his feelings.

A Chicago professor has won an automobile in a guessing contest. We believe this is the first time a Chicago college professor has ever admitted that he was guessing.

In Ohio there is a judge who holds that a woman may take money from her husband without his knowledge or consent and be guiltless of stealing. This is likely to cause more bachelors to struggle along without wives.

At a hearing in New York on a proposed ordinance to limit the length and powers of ascent of the elevators, a number of women present approved of the measure and not a single voice was raised against it. The fair sex may always be relied on to do the unexpected thing.

In a contest in New York to decide what are the 25 most beautiful words in the English language the judges threw out "truth," because they thought it had a metallic sound. Another surprising thing about the contest was that the man who won did not have "money" in his list of beautiful words.

Now that the airplane has demonstrated its ability both to rise from the deck of a warship and land thereon, its practical possibilities for warfare will be largely increased. In fact, the next big war will be unique in the world's annals, unless so many wonders in the way of invention act to keep it from occurring.

Sanitary reform is marching on. The New Hampshire legislature has adopted a law empowering the State Board of Health to restrict the use of common drinking cups in public places. Combined with the movement by railroad companies to eliminate the common drinking cup in passenger cars this means much in the way of safeguarding health.

Uncle Sam certainly has grown to be a big boy. The census of last year shows that the three Pacific coast states, California, Oregon and Washington, now have a larger population than that of the entire thirteen colonies when they started the Revolution and set up in business for themselves. And the fathers never even dreamed that there would be Pacific coast states.

The hobble skirt may figure in an official inquiry. It appears that a number of Syracuse ladies have filed with the public service commission a complaint against the traction company operating lines in that city, alleging that the steps of the cars are too high, thus preventing women from getting ready access thereto. And the defense may be that if the ladies did not wear constricting garments they would have less difficulty entering the cars.

The Gutenberg Bible, the first printed book, is worth \$50,000, and yet there isn't any more in it than there is in the Bible that you can buy at the second-hand bookstore for a nickel.

An American who tried to force the officers of the Bank of England to open the vaults and let him help himself to the money stored in them has been declared to be hopelessly insane. There are plenty of Americans who have tried to get rich in this way.

THE LEGISLATURE AND ITS WORK

AN EARLY ADJOURNMENT AND A SPECIAL SESSION ARE DISCUSSED.

FEATURES OF THE WORK UNDER CONSIDERATION BY THE LAW-MAKERS.

THE PRIMARY SCHOOL FUND SUBJECT OF CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT IF BILL PASSES THE SENATE.

BY L. C. WARD.

SPECIAL SESSION LIKELY.

THE NUMBER OF BILLS INTRODUCED IN THE TWO HOUSES OF THE LEGISLATURE NUMBER 665 AND THE NUMBER WHICH HAVE REACHED THE GOVERNOR FOR SIGNATURE IS JUST TWO. ALL OF WHICH SHOW HOW FAST THE LEGISLATURE IS MOVING. GOV. OSBORN IS STILL STRIVING FOR A SPECIAL TAX COMMISSION TO INVESTIGATE AND REPORT AT ONCE, AND HE HAS FRANKLY TOLD MEMBERS THAT IF THEY WILL PASS THE BILL HE WILL CALL A SPECIAL SESSION TO RECEIVE THE REPORT. THIS WOULD COST THE STATE THE NEXT ADDITIONAL SUM OF \$12,500. THERE IS ALSO A HURGEON FOR A SPECIAL SESSION IF CONGRESS PASSES A REINFORCEMENT BILL.

PRIMARY FUND QUESTION TO BE SUBMITTED.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT FOR DOING AWAY WITH SCHOOL DISTRICTS, PILING UP MONEY WHICH THEY CANNOT USE, WILL UNDOUBTLY BE SUBMITTED TO THE PEOPLE AT THE APRIL ELECTION. THE McNAUGHTON BILL HAS ALREADY PASSED THE HOUSE AND IS ON ITS WAY THROUGH THE SENATE WITH EVERY PROSPECT OF ITS GOING THROUGH WITH A HURRAH. IT PROVIDES THAT NO SCHOOL DISTRICT SHALL HAVE ON HAND MORE THAN ENOUGH TO PAY TEACHERS SALARIES FOR TWO YEARS.

THE RAILROAD MEN CONTENDED THAT THE PROBLEMS WHICH ASHLEY'S BILL DEALS WITH ARE COVERED BY THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION, AND WOULD LEGALLY AFFECT ONLY ABOUT 10 PER CENT OF MICHIGAN'S RAILS. THEY EXPLAINED

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SYNOPSIS.

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is innocent, is serving in the army in disgrace and his affection for his friend, Lieut. Perry Hunter, turns to Captain Cayley's secret society, which perfests a life of gambling. While sailing over the Arctic regions, he picks up a curiously-shaped stick he had seen in the box he had just released. It is a steel ball, counter-weighted lid, rose slowly by itself, just as it had used to, and revealed to her swimming eyes the contents of the interior.

Up to the moment she had not realized what the finding of the dispatch box meant. It had not occurred to her that a full account of her father's expedition, a narrative which would reach, perhaps, to the morning of the last day of all, was lying here, right under her eyes.

But now when the cover opened and she saw beneath it a thick volume, bound in red morocco, she realized that here, under her hand, was the very object in search of which the Aurora had set out upon her perilous voyage.

The first sight of her father's clear, erect, precise handwriting, warmed her with a sudden courage. But even this new inspiration of courage did not make her strong enough to turn back and rend the last entry in that tragic journal first. She tried to do it, but the will failed her. So she began at the beginning. Once she had plunged into the fascinating narrative, the whole of the outside world faded away from her. She was oblivious to the fact that the darkness outside was no longer the mere darkness of the fog; oblivious to the rising wind that puffed its icy stream through the leaky walls of the hut and made the candle flicker; oblivious, even to the very sound which she had meant to wait for—the sound of Tom's voice calling out to her from the yacht, and the sound of other, more alarming, nearer voices.

They all fell on deaf ears as she turned page after page of that precious record of her father's life. It

was written, in the main, in the scientific, observant, unimpassioned temper which she knew so well. He chronicled those days of peril, when their ship, crushed in the ice, and only kept from sinking by that very ice which had just destroyed her, was drifting along in the pack, to what seemed

certain destruction, as quietly and as explicitly as he did the uneventful voyage through Behring strait. The man's courage was so deeply elemental in him that he could not be self-conscious about it.

He told of the land, the strange, uncharted shore, whose discovery offered them a respite, at least, from that destruction; told how he got his remaining stores ashore and built the hut, where all human probability,

and there was no trace of keyhole or lock. To those uninitiated into its secret, it defied any attempt to open it.

Presently she seated herself on the bunk, took the little chest on her knees and set about opening it. Between the cold and her excitement she found this rather a difficult thing to



THE SKY-MAN

HENRY M. HILL WEBSTER

ILLUSTRATION BY H. W. ROSSER

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do, though her mind never, never hesitated over the slightest detail of the necessary formula of procedure. She knew in just what order to press in those innocent-looking little ornamental tacks in the brass binding; remembered the right moment to turn the box up on its end and let the just released steel ball roll down its channel to the pocket, where it must have at all of reaching them.

"I suppose," his narrative for this day concluded, "there is hardly one change in ten thousand that my message will ever be picked up, and certainly not one in a million that it will be found in time to bring an effective relief. However, it helps to keep the others cheerful, and that is the main

At the close of the day's entry was a single line which contracted her heart with a sharp spasm of pain: "This is Jeanne's birthday," it said.

She resumed her reading presently, and came to the point where the Walrus people entered into the narrative; their plight, their rescue and their welcome by the three men, who by now were the only survivors of the original expedition.

She was reading faster now, with none of those little meditative pauses that had marked her progress through the earlier pages of the journal, for the sinister termination of the narrative began to foreshadow itself darkly, from the moment—the first moment of the appearance of the Walrus people on the scene. Her father's description of the man, Roscoe, of the expression that had been plain to read in his face as he had listened to the account of the gold-bearing ledge across the glacier, gave her a shuddering premonition; apparently, her father had experienced the same feeling himself. Day after day Roscoe's name appeared, always accompanied by some little phase of misgiving.

For just one day this dread seemed to have been lifted from Captain Fielding's spirit. That was the day when he had murdered the power of it. His hand sometimes wished that when it came into his hands that day he had yielded to its first impulse to shatter it, for the thing had always mocked him.

He had often seen it lying open on Captain Fielding's table in the tiny walled-off cubby hole of a room they called the captain's cabin, while the captain himself was writing up his journal or working upon his charts. He had, during that first winter, frequently thought of trying to open it, should the opportunity offer itself.

After the murder, when he took that little room for his own quarters, he found the box and preserved it with the idea that now, at least, he would get the better of it. He knew what its contents were well enough—Captain Fielding's charts and journal, and he had no curiosity concerning them—but the secret mechanism of the box itself tantalized him, and he meant some day to solve it. Once he had

done so, he would kick the thing to pieces and destroy its contents.

That was all there was to it at first, but during the next winter, when the long night kept them prisoners in their narrow quarters, the mystery of that little rosewood box took on an added importance to him and to the others, out of all proportion to any

other which the solution of it could have. One by one, with the exception of the Portuguese, they tried. Hour after hour they labored with it, and invariably they failed.

The rest of them gave it up, and their admitted defeat gave Roscoe another incentive for solving the thing himself, for he meant to leave no stone unturned to convince them that they were fools and weaklings; that he, Roscoe, was the only man among them. Such a conviction was necessary to his leadership.

It was toward the end of that winter that the Portuguese made a suggestion destined to bear fruit. "It's a curse, that has sealed up that box," he said. "You can't open it—and if you break it, the curse will kill you."

He evidently believed implicitly in this theory, for no persuasion could induce him to touch the box himself. Gradually the others had shown, by little involuntary acts, shrinkings and glances, that Miguel's belief was infecting them. Sometimes, after a long succession of sleepless, lightless days,

Roscoe found himself believing it, too, and regarding that little box as the sealed-up casket of the murderer he had done upon the owner of it. The crime was there inside.

To overcome that feeling he had worked all the harder trying to solve its secret.

His interest, now, however, in making sure that the box had really been brought aboard again by the forward hatchway, and found Captain Planck already there. He directed him to go below with Schwartz, who had been enroute aboard the whaler, and get steam up as promptly as possible. He himself remained on deck, directing the unloading and stowage of those precious golden slabs that the rest of the party were bringing in boats from the shore.

"We've got it all, Roscoe, unless you want them barrels of whale oil," a man in the last boat sang out as they came alongside.

"We'll leave them to pay for this nickel-plated ship," Roscoe answered.

"Come! Look alive and get aboard. We'll be ready to start as soon as we can get a little daylight."

He looked them over, numbered

CHAPTER VIII.

Apparitions.

Roscoe did not pause to investigate the effect of his blow, nor to waste a second one. If the man who had confronted him there in the companion

way was dead, so much the better. If he were only half-dead, the job could be finished at any time. He was out of the way for the present at least. Roscoe hurried on, searching state rooms and passageways and finally the crew's quarters, forward.

When he had satisfied himself that he and his men were in undisputed possession of the yacht, he emerged on deck again by the forward hatchway, and found Captain Planck already there. He directed him to go below with Schwartz, who had been enroute aboard the whaler, and get steam up as promptly as possible. He himself remained on deck, directing the unloading and stowage of those precious golden slabs that the rest of the party were bringing in boats from the shore.

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minutes, which was another reason for not making the change, as it seemed a small matter. But in 1898 the chamber voted the adoption of the hour in the international convention. The ministers at the time disagreed on the subject, and the senate voted to submit the change to the international convention, of which M. de Freycinet is the chairman, and informed him that the ministers were now agreed. The convention at once met, and a favorable

report was drawn up, and has now been submitted to the senate. The exact difference between London and Paris is 9 minutes 21 seconds, and the change will be made as soon as the senate has approved it by a vote.

Pleasure in Reading.

There is a pleasurable wealth of recreation, as well as a fine creation of newer delights and views, in the contents of the world's best books that lets the day run from sun to sun, and slip and slide into the quick-go



sheep, noted that they were all here, except poor Miguel. Planck and Schwartz were down toiling at the boilers.

"Stay here till I come back," he commanded. "I'm going below to see that everything's stowed all right. When I come back I want to talk to you."

He disappeared down the after hatchway, switched on a light and indulged in a long, satisfied look at the great masses of precious metal which were stacked, according to his directions, in the strongroom.

His purpose in coming down here was threefold. He meant to see that the gold was stored correctly, and he meant to luck the room up so that its precious contents would not be tampered with, and bring the key away with him. He was not afraid that any of his crew would try to steal it, but he thought the moral effect of having it locked away where it was inaccessible to them, and of his keeping the key in his own possession, would be a help in maintaining his prestige as commander. They knew the secret, better than he did, just as he knew the nature of gold-bearing rock.

Consequently, when he discovered that the box was not on board, and that his particular injunctions concerning it had been either neglected or disobeyed, he came raging up on deck again, a most formidable figure, which caused his companions, hardened ruffians though they were, to cower and shrink away from him.

In a torrent of furious blasphemy, he demanded to know why that box had not been brought aboard; and the concentrated lees of his rage he emptied at last upon the two men whom he had ordered to do it.

"Now," he concluded, when the torrent had spent itself, "you go ashore, you two. Yes, you, Carlson—I mean you—and you, Rose: go ashore now and get it."

Then, after a momentary silence, he raged again, shouting the command again, and raged a foul flood of abuse.

But still they made no move to obey, and the big Swede, in evident terror, answered him. "I won't get it, Rose, if you want that box, you can get it yourself."

"What in hell do you mean?" the leader stormed. But his voice, even

with the treasure and what few stores they were taking away with them,

that little box had occupied much of his leisure since the day when he had murdered the power of it. His hand sometimes wished that when it came into his hands that day he had yielded to its first impulse to shatter it, for the thing had always mocked him.

He had often seen it lying open on Captain Fielding's table in the tiny walled-off cubby hole of a room they called the captain's cabin, while the captain himself was writing up his journal or working upon his charts. He had, during that first winter, frequently thought of trying to open it, should the opportunity offer itself.

After the murder, when he took that little room for his own quarters, he found the box and preserved it with the idea that now, at least, he would get the better of it. He knew what its contents were well enough—Captain Fielding's charts and journal, and he had no curiosity concerning them—but the secret mechanism of the box itself tantalized him, and he meant some day to solve it. Once he had

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Buy the New Royal Sewing Machine

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Her Hired Suitor

By T. S. Scribner

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Cranleigh Hume swung himself into the Manayunk car, thrust his thumb and forefinger into his waist-coat pocket after the small change he usually kept there, and found nothing.

"Hurrup!" growled the conductor, glancing at the waiting line behind the trim young fellow. The boy's finger's rumbled nervously through other pockets.

"Ah, here," snarled the bluecoat, "trying to beat your way for a few blocks!" He jerked the bell violently for a stop.

"I have nothing but this bill," Hume thrust into an inside pocket and draw forth a twenty dollar note.

The car came to a grumbling stop. The conductor was angry. "No, you don't. You know I can't change a double X. Don't have to. Get off."

The young fellow hesitated, a flush crept up his face into his closely clamped hair. Two or three passengers were smiling at his dilemma. He turned on his heel and stepped into the night.

At the same moment a fat, white-haired, red-faced old gentleman stepped from the crowd on the car platform. The car rushed away with its usual ascending whine. Cranleigh found himself and companion dropped in the midst of a row of dwellings of uncompromising respectability.

The young man stood for a moment under an arc light, wondering vaguely into which house the old gentleman would turn when, to his surprise, he spoke.

"Pretty rotten company, that."

"Rather," returned Hume cautiously, looking up and down the street for the light of a drug store where he could get his bill changed.

"Don't bother," said the old man; "I have some small change. Will go out Manayunk way together."

Hume glanced suspiciously for a moment, but the broad, comfortable face and prosperous clothes were reassuring. "Then who did you get off?"

The old gentleman nodded emphatically. "Because you did. Bovell's my name. Elviver Bovell."



"Cuddle Up a Little Closer."

owner of the Bovell cotton mills of Manayunk. You may have heard of me."

Hume coughed apologetically. "You will excuse me, Mr. Bovell, but Manayunk has so many millionaires that—er—Hume is my name, a Manayunk man myself."

"Good. I size a man up quickly. Mr. Hume, that's the reason I'm now where I am. I want to employ you."

"But I have a profession."

"This is an odd job, in a way. Won't take up your professional time. I have a daughter, Mr. Hume—you don't know what a daughter is, Mr. Hume." The old gentleman's bushy-like tone trailed off into a sigh.

"I've seen them," remarked the young man.

"Oh, I mean to own one, bring her up, let her get to the fool stage and run you crazy."

"I don't know, what that is," admitted Hume.

"Well, my daughter Bella thinks she's in love with a drug clerk in Roxborough. It's ridiculous. I asked her what she admired about him anyway. She said she thought it was the dare-devil way he clung her—sodas. She's so young. I told her she couldn't marry him. She said she would. I've had her mother and aunt tell her she shouldn't, but I believe she will. Then I hit on my scheme, and there's where you come in."

Hume looked at the old fellow's flushed face under the arc light, after this burst of confidence.

"What am I to do?"

"Well, when she told me a soda slinger looked dare-devil I decided right then to fight a dare-devil with fire. I looked you over. I like your cut and twill. Hume, I want you to pitch in now and make that drug clerk as dead an issue as free silver or abolition. Can you sing—play a guitar?"

"A little bit."

"All right. I fancy if drawing sodas looks dare-devil, a guitar and a moonlight song ought to be a regular wild west show, and a 'em—lattico, a charge

The Kid's Sacrifice

By Donald Allen

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

up San Juan hill. Are you on—say twenty-five per week till the drug clerk fades?"

"Twenty-five per," laughed Bovell in amazement, "to court a girl."

"Money's no object with Hume. I want the work done. I wouldn't quarrel about a lawyer's fee when he writes my will. This is like that. Wonder comes our car. We can't talk this inside. Is it a go?"

"Sure thing."

The two men boured the car and were flying on their way to Manayunk. They sat side by side, and Mr. Bovell handed the blue coat a dime, lifting two fingers. "It takes some think like three-quarters of an hour to ride from the heart of Philadelphia to Manayunk. Hume could not forbear smiling at this whimsical adventure upon which he was engaged. Suddenly a thought struck him. He leaned over to the hectic ear of his companion.

"Suppose I should—suppose—"

Mr. Bovell turned and gave him a steady look. "I'd get somebody to head you off."

"She must be young."

"Too young to marry."

"What age?"

"Eighteen."

The car fled on up past Fairmount park. There was a full moon in the sky, that wore a pale filtering of light over the massed trees. As they passed the Wissahickon the tumbling waters at the dam gleamed white and glistened with the light of the park row offices at five o'clock for Brooklyn or the suburban homes reached by subway or elevated.

The little stenographer had been a steady customer of the Kid for a month, and every time she bought a paper she had a smile for him. He just called her a stenographer to dislodge her from the typist and others, but he was sure about the little.

She was certainly petite. She and blond hair, eyes to go with it, and her sunny smile was good to see.

The Kid found himself taking an interest in the little stenographer, and he wondered at it. Where did she live? Was she fatherless? Was she a widow? Was she a mother? Was she a widow mother and the widow of a brother? Were they paying her a high salary in the office? She had never spent two minutes with the young man with the serious face. Was the Kid jealous?

He forgot his age and station in life and gave way to a natural feeling. In a little while he came to his senses and reasoned:

"Too high-toned for me. She'd want an eight-room flat with a bath-room and a electric door-opener. She'd want diamonds and the like, and Coney Island, and I'd go to the first week. We talk the same language, but I leave out the grammar. And I hate old 'nuff talk. Shake it off. Cully—shake it off."

And he did, and then came the idea that really made him a hero. He followed the young man and ascertained that he was employed in a broker's office at a good salary and bore a good character. He quizzed the little stenographer until he found that her mother was what he had thought from the start—a widow. Indeed, he invited himself to the flat one evening and, came away charmed. That settled the man. There was no message about the Kid. He was just plain talk. One afternoon he just his coat on the row half an hour before the outpouring and started up town. He was waiting at a certain station when the little stenographer got off. She had just accosted him when the young man of the broker's office came along.

"Just a minute," said the Kid as he held up his hand.

The young man looked at the girl waiting there and what she saw in his eyes made her blush.

"What—what is it?" she faltered.

"Did you wish to speak to me?" queried the young man in surprise.

"It's all right and serene," replied the Kid as he looked from one to the other. "Here's the case: I know the gent, and there's no discount on him. Steady job and good salary, and got a good character. He meets up for a long time with a young lady that he'd like to know, but them—penury machines are no good at introducing folks."

"But I must be going," said the blushing girl, while the young man made an uneasy movement.

"He laughed harder as he replied:

"The Kurds think you are practicing devotional religious exercises, and they retired under the impression that you would regard their presence as an intrusion." —*Youth's Companion*.

A Scolding Dress

By Donald Allen

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you give me any up and I'll twist your neck for you."

"And if youoller that girl again I'll put a knife into you!"

The master reached out his hand, but drew it back again. The Kid had drawn a knife and was ready for him. They stood and glared at each other for a moment and then passed out.

As time passed by a third man came. He was a puzzle to the Kid. He came up the row behind the same stenographer, and he took the same car and got off at the same station. Then he went another way. Time after time the Kid followed him. He caught him looking at his ward, but nothing beyond that. He was a young man with a rather serious face and by and by the Kid got the idea that he was in love with the blond hair and blue eyes, honorably but hopelessly in love. There were times when he heard him sigh. There were times when he looked back at the girl.

In a big city a worthy young man may be attracted by the face of a worthy young woman, and yet find it impossible to secure an introduction and become a lover, so the Kid figured. It seemed so in this case. Half a dozen times, as he rode up on the car with the little stenographer without her being aware of the fact, he thought he saw her glances wandering to the young man with the serious face. Was the Kid jealous?

He forgot his age and station in life and gave way to a natural feeling. In a little while he came to his senses and reasoned:

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A Scolding Dress.

Before I take off this dress, said the woman to the home dressmaker, who was fitting a party gown, I want to go into the kitchen and read the riot act to Maria."

"Oh, not with this dress on," the dressmaker protested. "She is cooking and the grease might pop."

"Can't help it," the woman interrupted. "Maria needs a lecture. She has been needing it for some time, but I didn't dare deliver it because I hadn't good enough clothes to make it effective. Maria is black and late, from the south. She judges people by the clothes they wear. If I had scolded in shirt waist and skirt or even in my old blue afternoon dress Maria would have scolded me, but not this time."

"And then as the Kid ran down stairs, he thought of the guardian spirit he had surrendered—the love he had loved—the hopes that must surely be now crushed forever, and he leaned up against a lamp post and wept.

The master saw. He was an office employee and the threat scared him. He didn't know the Kid, but the Kid might know him.

Within the heavy window frame a girl's head appeared with the first note. "Oh, Cranleigh," she whispered.

"Drop it! If you don't I'll make trouble!"

As they walked through the streets of the suburb Hume visited many of the despised drug stores until he hit upon a guitar that could be had. Armed with this the two plotters approached the mansion.

When they had climbed the third terrace Mr. Bovell took a seat on an iron settee and looked at the summer moon while his accomplice stole around to the designated window for his work.

Presently Mr. Bovell heard a strain of chords and then a rather pleasant tenor voice singing "Cuddle Up a Little Closer," an air then running in a popular musical comedy.

"What a night," murmured Mr. Bovell, "and his voice isn't bad, though it seems to me I've heard it before somewhere."

Within the heavy window frame a girl's head appeared with the first note. "Oh, Cranleigh," she whispered.

"Drop it! If you don't I'll make trouble!"

"What do you mean you young fool?" was hissed at him in reply.

"Coo off! You see I know you and your boss. Martin on the street don't go with him. Let the little girl go alone or you'll be lookin' for a job see?"

The master saw. He was an office employee and the threat scared him. He didn't know the Kid, but the Kid might know him.

The second master appeared. He was not as bold as the first. He was going to follow the little stenographer and see where she lived. On cap or subway he might find excuse to address her. The Kid passed his bundle of papers to a boy friend and followed the follower. He entered the subway and took a seat beside the girl. He slipped into it just a second ahead of the master and got a scowl and a curse for his action. It was a long time before the little stenographer looked up and recognized him, and then she uttered a little laugh and the explanation:

"Why, I never thought of seeing you here!"

"It's business, man," he replied, looking as important as he could.

She talked with him in a chatty, friendly way, and when far up in the Bronx they left the train together.

Something was said that brought about an exchange of names, and he then learned her street and number.

He saw her to her own door before he left her, and for the first time in his life felt that he was something of a hero. He was only a kid, but he had assumed a man's responsibility. He had guarded a woman.

The master had not followed on, but had laid to wait. As the Kid was returning to the station the man stepped out and hailed him, and held out a dollar bill said:

"You keep out of this from now on."

"The little girl?" was queried.

"Cort. You don't do to 'em like that."

"Never mind, child. Many a prominent statesman has been sheared by the majority."

"Even so."

"It's only a hollow pumpkin and a candle, son."

"But it frightened me, uncle."

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